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WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1912.

UP TO RICHMOND.

Voters of Richmond at the polls yesterday decisively elected their first Administrative Board. E. C. Folkes, Robert Whitsett, John Hirschberger, Carlton McCarthy and H. P. Beck. If their action is not met with adequate commendation or criticism, as the case may be, from the citizens, then, not only will the Administrative Board fall, but the whole new form of city administration will fall. The candidates for the Administrative Board, without exception, declared that, if elected, they would invite the fullest measure of public criticism or public commendation. As one man they recorded themselves in favor of public sessions, at which the people would be welcome at all times. It will devolve upon the citizens to carry out their part of the compact by accepting, with determination, this opportunity to cooperate with the Administrative Board, and if need be, check it up and visit it with compelling censure. It has been said repeatedly that no form of government can succeed unless it has behind it active and aggressive public opinion. That is true of the situation here. The best efforts of the Administrative Board will come to nothing unless they be backed by the vigorous interest of the citizens of Richmond. Without popular reinforcement, the new form of government cannot succeed.

The most serious and the most far-reaching responsibility lies upon the shoulders of the men chosen yesterday, for they can make or mar the new form of government for Richmond. It is for the citizens to see to it that they make it. The people in a way will be responsible for failure or success in the new department in municipal government, there must be the hands that applaud, and there must be the hands that hold the sword above the Administrative Board. In whose members must be made to understand from the very beginning that their administration will be under the unceasing vigilance of the people.

Without criticizing or minimizing in any way the qualifications of the members-elect, it is hoped that in the brief interval between now and their induction into office on January 1, each of them will seek to familiarize himself as thoroughly as possible with the practical workings of municipal administration. Once in office, the members will have but little time to study city government, and the season suggested will be the best and perhaps the only one available. The new board should go into office as well equipped with new ideas and new information as possible, and if its members will now devote themselves to serious consideration of the duties and responsibilities of their office, their efficiency will be increased at the start.

The Times-Dispatch hopes that the citizens will stand solidly at the back of this, the first Administrative Board, and uphold it in every way.

POOR FOLKS' AUTOMOBILES.

It is a wise provision of Providence that when all the poor people club together they can have things that are much better than anything a rich man can have. For instance, the most beautiful gardens in any city usually belong to the people, in the shape of parks. So one man can afford the land or the money to keep up private grounds as extensive or complete. In Richmond, Monroe Park is open to every human that cares to enter, and is prettier than any millionaire's possessions. The same principle applies to art. Other can own collections that no private individual could dream of. Yet they are absolutely free.

The fact that the ordinary man owns an automobile very much more satisfying than any form of wealth is often overlooked. Yet machines owned by people without title in the world can win our streets all day. They are much larger, more comfortable, safer and generally better than the finest imported motorcars. They are the streetcars—the poor folks' automobiles.

Judged by actual comfort and service a streetcar is much more satisfactory than an automobile. It is cheaper to begin with, costing five cents for miles to miles, while the ordinary tourist pays anywhere from twenty cents to fifty dollars a while, according as he exceeds the speed limit or that mile. It is also safer. It cannot skid, run into another car, blow up, or turn turtle. It stays on the track and injures only one of its passengers to perhaps the quality of a thousand. The street car is more efficient than the machine. It gets you where you want to go, and you do not have to get down under it and play backgammon for two hours on the way. In the end, it is as swift a vehicle, on the tortoise and the hare theory.

The mental calm of street car riding compared with the unaim of autoing must not be forgotten. You don't bounce between here and eternity, nor

lose your heart in some subterranean crevice of your body every time a corner whizzes past. You can read the paper, or converse with some pleasure. You do not have to wear a veil, or run the risk of wearing a shroud. There is always plenty of amusement on a car. The scenery does not slip by before you know it was there. The fellow passenger is generally interesting even if sometimes a bit promiscuous. The breeze is just as fine and not half so dusty or odorous. The return trip is certain, and the chauffeur net a maniac. Considering all these things, it is time we stopped envying the unhappy rich who ride in automobiles, and went and spent five cents in a joy ride all our own.

WOODROW WILSON AND IMMIGRATION.

Republican publicity agents have carefully and constantly endeavored to alienate the foreign-born voter from his support of Woodrow Wilson. It has been claimed that the Democratic candidate is in favor of a restriction of immigration and, because of certain extracts from his writings, that he is especially opposed to the free entrance of southern and eastern Europeans who have constituted the greater number of recent immigrants. These charges, however, were effectively refuted by Governor Wilson in an address at Seaside last Saturday to two visiting delegations of Italians, one from New Jersey and the other from New York. In the course of his remarks, Governor Wilson said:

"For myself I have never felt the slightest jealousy of the right kind of immigration and, by the right kind of immigration, I mean the voluntary kind. When men of their own initiative come with a preliminary love for or desire for America, to establish homes for themselves here and to identify themselves with the country, the result cannot be anything but good for the country itself."

"I have been jealous, as we have all been jealous—I am sure I am including all of you—of the immigration which is getting up the steamship companies, by the hundreds, to bring over men who will go at their beck and call rather than men of independence who elect for themselves. But while we all agree that there must be certain restrictions, to guard the health of the country, for example, we shall all agree, I am sure, if we have the true Democratic spirit, that that is the only sort of limitation which is legitimate."

In other words, Woodrow Wilson's views upon the subject of immigration are the same as those of all patriotic and intelligent Americans. He would welcome to our shores the politically and religiously oppressed of all nations. In addition, he is glad to have the representatives of European races come to America who have the intention of becoming citizens and making this country their permanent home. He deplores, however, and would restrict the immigration of inferior races which is stimulated by the microscopical companies whose sole object is to increase the profits of their lines. Immigration of this character has led to the alarming congestion in our large cities and to the unsatisfactory living and working conditions in our industrial communities. The immigrant himself, deluded by the false statements and promises of the steamship and labor agents, expects after several years of work in the United States to return to his native land with savings sufficient to maintain himself during the remainder of his life. Invariably he finds, however, whether he comes of his own accord or through misrepresentation, that the industrial opportunities of this country are not as remunerative as he had hoped. The result is that the recent immigrant has adopted a low standard of living, representing a minimum basis of cheapness for the purpose of saving a maximum amount within a limited period of time and returning to his home. The native American wage-earner has found it impossible to compete with him in the wages and working conditions which he is willing to accept. The consequence has been a general deterioration in working and living conditions in our mining and manufacturing communities caused by the advent of this immigrant labor supply.

Woodrow Wilson, in short, recognizes that the artificiality stimulated immigration, which has been characteristic of recent years, has been injurious not only to the American, but also to the incoming alien. Naturally he is opposed to, and would aim to restrict immigration of this kind. All foreigners who are voluntarily seeking a new home and better opportunities, he would gladly welcome and assist.

PARISIAN SEXES PASSING.

Europe and Latin America may be so indirectly accepting unquestioningly the styles of raiment decreed by fashion modistes, but hereafter a revolution of opinion will exist in the United States, and an independent spirit will be in fashion will be found in Paris. Paris is at work now that will result in including many American makers, sellers and wearers of clothes to look to New York rather than to Paris for the decisions that will settle great sartorial expenditures of money for feminine clothes. The result is ethical, esthetic and economic. French designers for the most part have imposed feminine fashions that have deeply offended the sense of propriety and decency of many people of both sexes in the United States. There is here a natural reaction of feeling against a sartorial system which seems to the demands everywhere the expression of the temper. That is the ethical issue. The American spirit of independence must be shared by designers of clothes who do not believe that all taste is to be fed, color and form of raiment monopolized by Parisian designers. As Mark Twain once advised Americans,

can women to create their own styles and at last they are doing it.

For economic reasons, American sellers, makers and wearers have revolted. 'Change for sake of change has become the commercialized goal of the Parisian fashion authorities,' declares the Christian Science Monitor, adding that "the American designers and their intelligent buyers are refusing to continue on this servile theory of dressmaking or hat wearing." They will assume, hereafter, that given design and making of artistic creations suited to buyers, then wear is to equal durability and not the whim of Paris. When harmony of attire and personality has been wrought, a cloak or hat is not to be lightly set aside, at any rate, not arbitrarily, by any decree of fashion.

The declaration of independence from the fashion czar and czarinas of Paris fits in well at this time with the general movement for sensible treatment of women by others, and sensible treatment of women by themselves. It is a spark from the progressive program that fires women to refashion a system which has tyrannized them for too long.

WHAT STAMPALLA SPELLS.

It is forecast as certain that Italy, in concluding peace with Turkey, will insist upon holding on to Stampalla, and will hold on to it, no matter what disposition of the rest of the Turkish islands she has taken in the Aegean, she may consent to. This is regarded as being as fixed as the fact that she is in Tripoli to stay; and in some respects permanent possession of Stampalla will be a no less important fruit of the war to her than annexation of the last of the Dardanelles States.

The island of Stampalla is situated in a narrow channel between the Turkish cyclades and the Greek sporades, and is capable of being made the chief naval strategic key to the Eastern Mediterranean. As has been pointed out in calling attention to Italy's conceded determination not to "surrender," "incorporation" as an Italian possession would place Italy nearer to the Dardanelles than Russia is to the Bosphorus, and nearer to Constantinople than Russia is to Salonica. If Russia should realize her long-cherished dream of reaching Constantinople and dominating the Dardanelles—opening that strait—she would still, as Italy might decide, find her way to the open sea closed. If Austria should succeed in reaching down to and acquiring Salonica, the dual monarchy's gateway to the Mediterranean from the Aegean would be at Italy's command.

No doubt, there will be a protest of some sort, especially from Great Britain and France, who at the present have the greatest and most visible naval interests in the Mediterranean. But as a practical proposition and in the last analysis of the matter, what can these two protestants do about it, however backed they may be with the sympathy of Russia, and of Italy's partner in the triple alliance, who, owing to that compact, is in an embarrassing position on the issue in any aspect in which it is viewed.

Italy has only followed precedent set by France and Great Britain. Stampalla will be a stand-off to the former against Gibraltar, to the latter against Malta, just as Italian absorption of Tripoli will even up with French protectorates of Morocco and British protectorate of Egypt.

Afortime Stampalla has been termed the geographical or natural Malta of the Eastern half of the Mediterranean. Given the island in Italy's hands, fortified and made a naval base, and all the other powers will have to reckon with her in forming naval combinations. Stampalla will spell a readjustment of the balance of power in the Oriental division of the great island sea—the Levant—and Italy will hold the balance.

Likewise it cannot but spell the re-establishment of the commercial prestige of Venice in that quarter. Her stored Italian trade preeminence in the Aegean will go along with Italian possession to a place in the scale of nations, so long denied her, from which she will have a potent voice in dictating the policies and the final solution of the whole near-East problem.

If Mr. Taft must fight something, let him go fighting bolts with the high cost of living at home, instead of the Mexican revolutionist.

If the successful candidate to-day will just work as hard for the city as they have for themselves in the present fight, the Administrative Board will be a certain winner.

One of the strong arguments for international peace is the fact that all the present wars are being fought by malcontented nations on the back of nations of civilization. They have not learned yet.

The publication of charges against candidates for the board on the eve of election will not influence many voters. It does not give a man a fair chance to state his side of the case, and the voters of Richmond did that in those preferring the charges have been moved by a real interest in the cause, whereas they would have been moved by mere curiosity on the light side.

The men higher up in New York police system are so busy defending themselves that the men lower down have all exonerated.

The Bull Moose in New York will depend upon Strauss to know which way the wind blows.

Don't know which is worse for the country—the bull moose or the Bull Moose.

On the Spur of the Moment.
By Roy K. Moulton.

Where is it now?
That overcoat I threw away last spring.
Gee whizz! but I was tired of the thing.
I swore I never would put it on again.
It's cut gave me a large three-cornered patch.
Twas worn around the cuffs and lapel, too.
The velvet collar was a fright to view.
Twas ready for the rag bag, without doubt.
When summer came I gladly threw it out.
I said I'd save my coin all summer and Annex an overcoat that would be smart.
But now the chilly winds are almost here.
The blizzard of the winter time is near.
I've counted up my coin, alas, alack!
I wish that I could get that old coat back.

Election Time.
Lem Higgins says he doesn't know just how the country's going to go.
"Tis mighty hard for even him to venture to prognosticate.
When Lem says that it's plain to see surprise are in store, for he is quite the greatest expert that we have on grave affairs of state.
The country may go Democratic, he wouldn't be surprised at that.
And it may go the Bull Moose way, for chances are mixed up very bad.
He says there's only one safe bet. It won't go prohibition yet.
But none can tell just what will come, for folks have all gone tariff mad.
Lem says the tariff on yarn socks will put a crimp in Taft and Knox.
It looks sometimes as though the whole damn bunch is going to be upset.
He says that predatory wealth is bad for our commercial health.
And that the postal savings banks are going to fatter quite a lot.

Seems like they got old Lem perplexed for once, and as folks are all vexed,
Bekus we always bank on him to find out how we ought to vote.
It saves us worry, don't you see, to shift responsibility.
But it seems like a blunder lead this year than Lem can safely tote.

Lem has been busy since last spring and ain't satisfied the way the ship of state is headin' now.
He says Bill Taft has gone to sleep and that he ain't no man to keep. Asputtiner! round the White House any longer, we must all allow.
But still he says he ain't so set in the opinions that he's got to vote.
But what he might not vote for him again, providin' he makes good.
Taft is all right in lots of ways and Lem don't think it ever pays.
To count a roller down and out, while he still ainkin' over his head.
Fact is Lem don't know where he's at—Republican or Democrat—And won't while them Progressives keep right on a-rasin' merry hob.
He's point to save his mental force and let the blamed things talk for course.
As town expert on politics, Lem Higgins has thrown up his job.

Ever Thus.
Willie Jones, he up and married.
Thought that it would be some fun.
To support a little wifey.
Two could live as cheap as one.
Paid a dollar for the license.
Gave the minister a tip.
Then he thought, old little Willie.
"Spending money, I am through."

Settled in a little cottage.
A man called around one day.
Had a little sawin' wood to say.
Three months wages then to pay.
Old man, lee man, greener, butcher.
Baker and dressmaker, too.
Plumber, painter man, also landier.
And they cleaned him, through and through.

But a single year has passed since.
He was one great howling swell.
Took in operas, teas and dances.
Ogled by each village belle.
Once the life of every party.
Now he's keeping pretty still.
Once they called him "Dashing Willie."
Now they call him "Seddy Bill."

According to Uncle Abner.
There is only one way to hasten the kingdom come faster than by setting on a keg of powder and smoking it.
Three months wages then to pay.
Old man, lee man, greener, butcher.
Baker and dressmaker, too.
Plumber, painter man, also landier.
And they cleaned him, through and through.

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Abe Martin

THE POLITICAL MEETING.
By John T. McCutcheon.

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From the Republican paper: "The town hall was packed to suffocation last night to hear the Hon. James J. Jigitt expound the doctrine of Republicanism. Scold has there been such a whirlwind of enthusiasm as was exhibited when he fired broadside after broadside into the hollow pretenses of the," etc.

From the Democratic paper: "The town hall was the scene of more congealed gloom last night than we have ever had the misfortune to see. Several people, attracted, no doubt, by morbid curiosity were perched on the front two or three rows of chairs, and the speaker's oration was frequently interrupted by the peaceful sounds of slumber. The Hon. James J. Jigitt spoke at length, principally, and said a number of things we didn't want to hear. Those present were," etc., etc.

A "Moo"! From Sandy Valley

Under the editorial "Tell 'em Why," the *Glitch Valley News* asked this question: "Why do we vote for the crooked man when he is straight and against the straight man when he is crooked?" and he will survive time as a mountain of blarney in the hearts of the great honest class of American citizens.

Roosevelt for us until his shroud shall be his own beloved American flag and the only one greater than he shall say: "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Yes, we can "Tell you why," and would to God that the people of the Union knew why they should not commit the folly of voting for Wilson and plunging both the government and the people into irretrievable ruin—Sandy Valley News (Virginia) only Roosevelt orators.

We are not going to try to tell you why, Brother Leslie, because any man who is as unfair as to ask a question in this way, the above editor, is like giving medicine to the dead. Why did you put the question, "Bull Moose" and "Governor Wilson"? Why did you not ask us why ex-President Roosevelt should be preferred before and above Governor Wilson?

For the sake of the tolling millions, who are pleading for justice, and their supplications are being mocked by brutal wrongs of the old political parties, we will not waste any sweet words in answering.

As President Taft is not mentioned in this question, we will leave this political abortion out and confine ourselves to the two men mentioned. We all agree that the nation has narrowed down to a fight between the plain people, who want to live and let live, and the corrupt politicians and the industrial cannibals who are trying to squeeze out of the nation every drop of life blood from the badly burdened people. Governor Wilson and ex-President Roosevelt both claim to champion the cause of the plain people, and the question naturally evolves itself into which one is the most capable to do so.

Professor Wilson, a school teacher for years who was such a failure at that job that Princeton fell on the plan of electing him Governor of New Jersey in order to get rid of him, and who has had no experience in governmental affairs, claims if the people will elect him that he can handle the situation. He has proved he cannot be true to himself by turning his back on the best friend he ever had and facing the galleries, while his hard face, as pictured on canvas, looks like it was made to make man mourn, and is enough to make Gabriel stop, seeing his horn and with old Peter double-bare the rate when he puts in his appearance there. He could no more feel for the working man or grasp his horny hand than Brother Leslie could keep himself from admiring a pretty woman.

But leaving out personalities, he is the chosen leader of that great but theoretical party that dream of Utopia, and when it gets into action Caxey's hungry hordes march across the country a pitiful regiment of ragamuffins, which, I fear, if repeated this time there will be a flame and roar of bullets that will hiss from the Statue of Liberty to the Golden Gate. Another panic, another closing of factory and mine, another driving of these horny-handed fellows, who were brought to work from the farms at Washington, to another empire of poverty like Grover Cleveland, and there will be in this America enough suffering to start another hell.

We are now glad to have such gloomy, dark thoughts of what might happen to this glorious Union and get on a subject upon which the rates of hell shall not prevail! Theodore Roosevelt, a man with a big stick, and wearing the badge of the fighting lion on his face.

He has the composition of the cow, the middle class and the aristocrat in his make-up, and is the faintest soldier of fortune that ever waved a big stick over the heads of a trust-ridden and politically corrupt nation. He has fought sham and hypocrisy, choked the political beast thief, lassoed the trust magnate, and gazed into the fierce eyeballs of the African lions utterly without fear. He is the most courageous, intellectual giant that ever raised his voice in defense of a great country, and is today adored and trusted wherever human beings exist.

Voice of the People

When the Mail Does Not Come.
(On a Star Route.)
When the mail does not come, and I've nothing to read.
Excepting, of course, what is stale,
Then my wife they grow dull and my thoughts they corrode to hell.
O, 'tis bad when the carrier must fall!

When the clouds they are charged with the tide-making rain,
As onward they ride with the gale,
Then the waters they tumble, they roll, and they roar.
And scarce the man back with the mail.

When the road to a muddy constabulary's stirred,
The mailhorse is tardy and slow,
Then the carrier says to himself, "It's too bad—
To-day I don't think I shall go."

When I think now we lack both the cream and the reads,
The consequence often that the ear-ask myself then why we don't build bridges and pikes.
And never go hungry again for the mail!

FRANK MONROE BEVERLY.

Mistaking and Intox.
To the Editor of the Times-Dispatch:
Sir—In your issue of September 7, 1912, in your "Lead of the State Debt," in which a statement is made that grossly perverts to facts the words of an idiotic, the state ment referred to is the last sentence in the following extract from the article in question:

"Under the administration of Governor Tyler the state bought bonds to the value of \$1,111,000. For the four years from January 1, 1905, to January 1, 1909, during the administration of Governor Swanson they were \$590,000. It is recalled that Governor Tyler found a large balance in the treasury when he came to office. Montague had none to work with."

It is difficult to imagine the motive that would inspire the last sentence of that article, and at the same time it is hard to understand why one showing the monumental ignorance should hold the position of dispensing news on a paper as widely read as this, for the facts are directly to the contrary. From what is stated in the article, I have before me how the mortgage of my father to the General Assembly of Virginia on December 1, 1901, in which he makes a record of the finances of the state during his administration. From that record it will be seen that when he was inducted into office, instead of finding a large balance in the treasury, the state had a surplus of income over expenses of less than \$20,000, and in addition to this the contingent fund for the first year of his administration was empty. Governor Swanson, being given as to be entirely exhausted. When he went out of office the condition of the treasury when it was turned over by him to his successor is best shown by the following extract from the message in question:

"The state has met all current expenses, including the expenses of the extra session of the Legislature last winter, has paid the expenses of the Constitutional Convention of 1905, given \$170,000 to the disabled Confederate soldiers (an increase of \$25,000 over the previous year); gave an increase of \$21,000 to the public schools; put \$110,000 in the credit of the sinking fund; \$55,000 to the credit of the treasury fund; and has on hand at this time \$700,000."

As will be stated, the contingent fund when he came into office was utilized for the first year of his administration when he went out of office he left Governor Montague the contingent fund intact, although he had been called upon to scrap and put into the dead loss Virginia's share in the Spanish-American War, entirely out of this fund, which amount I believe, was returned to the State during the administration of Governor Montague by the United States government.

This letter is written with no idea of disparaging the administration of Governor Montague or of his successors, but for the purpose of having the facts known as they are. I trust that you may see fit to give the same publicity to the true facts which was given to the statement of Mr. Jigitt in your article in question.

Yours very truly,
J. H. TYLER.

QUERIES & ANSWERS

A Block.
We say it is a "square" or "block" from Main to Franklin. What, then, would be the proper word to indicate the land inclosed by these "squares"? BLOCKHEAD.

Our friend is inclined to use us in order to "poke fun" at a form of speech which is well-nigh invariable in this country and difficult to avoid. He knows, of course, that "square" and "block" apply to the area. But it would be pretty hard to induce people to say that "it is one side of a square from Main to Franklin," etc., when the contraction would be quite as clear and not unwarranted by analogous figures in our speech.

Confederate.
Please tell me how it was possible for a general election to be held over the Confederate States in time for the inauguration of Mr. Davis in Montgomery. Also tell me the amount of the public debt of the Confederacy.

A. A. H.
It was not. A Provisional Congress, representing six States, met at Montgomery, Ala., on February 4, 1862, and adopted by the 9th a tentative Constitution and elected Mr. Davis President for one year, or such time as a permanent Constitution might provide. That instrument did not provide for election in each State as the Legislature might direct, and by the electoral college, chosen in accordance to the permanent Constitution. Mr. Davis was selected unanimously as President for four years from February 22, 1862. Nobody seems to have kept any tab after October, 1864. By that date further obligation on the part of the Confederacy could hardly be considered seriously. The debt at the time mentioned was \$1,126,857,000.

Pencil Wood, Etc.
What value has pencil wood, and how is it prepared for market? Is a Virginia Treasury note of 1862 of value?
All pencil makers are on the outlook for good wood—cedar—in large quantities, and most of them have acquired the art of preparing it for the Southern countries, where the wood is softer than with us and far more abundant, if less accessible. You might write to the address of any of the makers—we shall be glad to send addresses if you will send stamped and addressed envelope and describe the quantity and location of your timber. The note will not bring enough to pay for selling.

National State and City Bank
Richmond, Virginia.
Sells Your Account.
Capital, \$1,000,000. Surplus, \$200,000.
Best Test for forty years.